

THE CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST

WITHOUT INTERRACIAL JUSTICE SOCIAL JUSTICE WILL FAIL

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Getting Things Done

By CHRIS RASMUSSEN

WHEN, IN 1938, the segregated colored school children of Washington, D. C., were told by the Board of Education of that city that they must go back and forth across heavily trafficked streets to attend classes in two different schools because of over-crowding, while neighboring white schools had enough empty seats for everyone, their parents decided that they had had enough. The children remained away from classes and went on strike until the Board rescinded its order and they were allowed to go to one school.

In the face of two hundred odd years of persecution and compared with many more obvious outrages perpetrated by Americans with white complexes, this incident seems unimportant. Yet just suppose that some day white parents were told that their children could not attend a certain school near-by their home, but that they must send them across town to another school because of their lack of color. Suppose that these children, white children, remember, were obliged to cross busy streets, moving from one school to another in all kinds of weather, because of over-crowding, while in the schools for children with color there was ample room for everyone. Overcrowding was bad enough; two or three shifts with teachers unable to give

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NEGROES CAN'T COME TO MY HOUSE Tenement Dwellers Unite!

By ADOLPH SCHALK

(THIS IS A TRUE STORY. NAMES ARE WITHHELD.)

I LIVE in an unusual mid-western community. The sign on its highway dedicates the area "to large families and the greater glory of God." There is even a statue of the patron saint of my town displayed over the local real estate office. I moved to the village because it looked like a good place to be a Catholic. The majority of people living here are Catholic, I was told.

On June 1, 1949, two men knocked on my front door.

"I'm the chief of police of this city," said one, pulling a little gold badge from his pocket and holding it in the palm of his hand, "and this is Mr. D—, the city attorney."

"We're here," they told me, "because people in the neighborhood are complaining that you are running a Negro boarding house. Why, we received at least fifteen phone calls just this morning."

"Technically," said the attorney, "you are violating the law because you have boarders and because there is no family living here—in a family-type unit. But we won't bother you if you promise never to sell your house to Negroes and never to let Negroes live here."

We were three white students living together. I am not sure whether three students living together cooperatively constitute a boarding house, but since this visit from the city officials no one has pressed the boarding house charge.

I told them that Negroes

were not living in the house, but that I could not make such a promise and asked them was there anything wrong in entertaining my guests in my own house, just because they happen to be Negroes.

THEY TOLD ME there was nothing wrong in that, but the people were afraid that I would sell the house to Negroes. I told them that I hadn't intended to sell the house but now that they men-



John Domin

tioned it I wouldn't object to selling to Negroes, except that I wouldn't think of subjecting Negroes to that kind of environment, nor would I insult them by inviting them to live here.

They left. The next day a police car was parked in front of the house. Almost all day a cop sat there watching the house. Pretty soon people all over the subdivision were talking, rumors started flying. Some of the stories that got back to us were that we were communists, that I make a practice of buying houses in white neighborhoods and selling them to Negroes for profit, that eight Negroes live in the house, that "whole carloads of them" were seen stopping at my house "at night!" The

Sunday previous a Negro friend from the University had come to see me and in the course of the conversation in the backyard, told me a story. He dramatized a little by pacing across the lawn. But the story that went around the village was: "Do you know I actually saw a Negro measuring the property!"

After a while the police car that was parked in front cruised round and round the block. When I heard a noise from the other half of the duplex in which I live I went next door and told my neighbors what happened. "So that's why the cops have been out there all day!" the couple said. While the police were hanging around I swept the house and then sat on the front porch to read "True Humanism." I answered a few letters until evening came, so I got supper ready for a married couple who were to visit me that evening. By this time another policeman had come on duty and parked across the street.

AFTER SUPPER MY guests and two roommates and I went for a drive but as soon as our car started, the police car started too and came after us. Just as we got to the edge of town a red light shone inside our car. Mr. J—, who was driving, stopped the car and got out.

"Do you want me?" he asked.

"Yes," said the cop. He was really nervous, so that he could hardly write. I don't

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HE CALLED ME "MISTER"

By DALE FRANCIS

WHEN WE WERE in high school together in a midwestern city he was a proud fellow. Scholastically he ranked with the best in the class. On the football field he starred. He was a pleasant, easy-to-get-along-with fellow. There was every reason to believe he'd get along in the world—every reason but one.

He was a Negro.

I left my hometown the week after graduation and it wasn't until 12 years later that I saw him again. He was a janitor in one of the factories. The pride was drained out of him. There was defeat written into the way he carried himself when he walked.

And he called me "Mister."

That's what got me most—his calling me "Mister." We'd been friends and equals, too—unless there was some inequality in his favor since he could kick a football farther and do everything athletically better than I. Now here he was calling me "Mister" and I looked at him without seeing anything remaining of the proud young man I once had known.

A few weeks later he killed himself. There were immediate reasons—his wife had left him for another man—but the man who killed himself was not the man I had known. He had died long before, sometime during those 12 years while I was away. And that death was murder, committed subtly and without bloodshed by the people of my home town.

That happened in the north and it is the south that is the real culprit, everyone says. But I wonder.

I've lived almost half my adult life in the south. I've seen racial prejudice in the south and I don't like it. It is a brutal thing and I've fought against it wherever and whenever I could. But—and here I think most southerners fighting for justice are with

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DEATH OF A CHILD

By MARY AND JIM QUINLAN

TO SOME it may seem gratuitous to record the death of just one more child in Harlem. But in the eyes of a Christian, as in the eyes of God, every death is special. And in the hearts of those who love it, as in the hearts of God, a child's death is touching and particular. To an inter-racialist a whole welter of human tragedy attends each single death in Harlem. Little Juanita was our godchild. She died of pneumonia, but it was Harlem that killed her.

Juanita was not quite eight months old when she was stricken with pneumonia. She and her parents lived in one room of a flat in the one-hundred-thirtys which they shared with other families. We never asked how many families there were in that one flat—we could guess the appalling number who shared the units in the shabby old house. It was typical of the horrors of overcrowding in segregated areas. Nor did we ever presume to enquire how much rent had to be paid for wretched, inhuman accommodations. Some real estate owner, an individual or a corporation that is sucking blood from the gold mine that Harlem housing represents on the market, will one day have to answer that question to One who will not need to ask it.

But Juanita and her young father and mother (she was their first and only child) had a bedroom with one tiny window, adjoining the "common" front room of the apartment. There was no bed for the

baby: during the daytime she slept, securely tucked in, in the middle of her parents' big bed that almost filled the room, leaving space only for a small dresser; and at night she was tied onto the sofa in the living room. But the owner, having no material sanction to threaten him, no appeal from the misery of the unprivileged to fear, provided less than a minimum of heat all through the winter, sometimes no heat at all, and all the occupants were constantly suffering from colds, pneu-

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CHRISTIANITY,
EVEN WHEN
WATERED DOWN, IS
STILL HOT ENOUGH
TO BOIL THE
MODERN WORLD
TO RAGS

—G. K. Chesterton



Platform of the Catholic Interracialist

WE BELIEVE in the sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ—for He is the Mystical Vine and we are the branches. He is the Head and we the members.

WE BELIEVE that the fruit of the Incarnation and the Redemption is the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God.

WE BELIEVE that we are our brother's keeper and have a personal responsibility, therefore, before God, for the welfare of that brother in Christ and this embraces all men, irrespective of Race, Nationality or Color . . . for Christ died for ALL mankind.

WE BELIEVE that a lasting social order and peace will be achieved only by a Christian Social Order based on Christian Social Justice which includes Interracial Justice.

Editor, July-Aug., 1949.

WHAT WE'RE AFTER

Racial prejudice is the violent, localized eruption of a disease. Too many people, Negro and white, Christian and non-Christian, are trying to treat it with a Band-Aid, not realizing that the disease itself requires a major operation. They isolate the ugly sore of prejudice from other ailments on the body of humanity.

Many Negro organizations are especially prone to this error—those, that is, which are not Communistic. The two people in the world most convinced of the necessity for surgical treatment are our Holy Father Pius XII and Josef Stalin.

The Negro is heir to all of the injustices of our materialistic civilization and the added injustice of racial prejudice should serve to accenuate, bring more sharply into focus, these other evils. In the United States, the Negro is the embodiment, the symbol of the poor man. By integrating him into the different class levels of our omic structure, we would merely relieve the misery of the few. All of the social ills are manifested in this particular group. The erasure of the color line will not penetrate to the fundamental ills of our economy. Destitution without the color line is hardly more desirable than destitution with the color line.

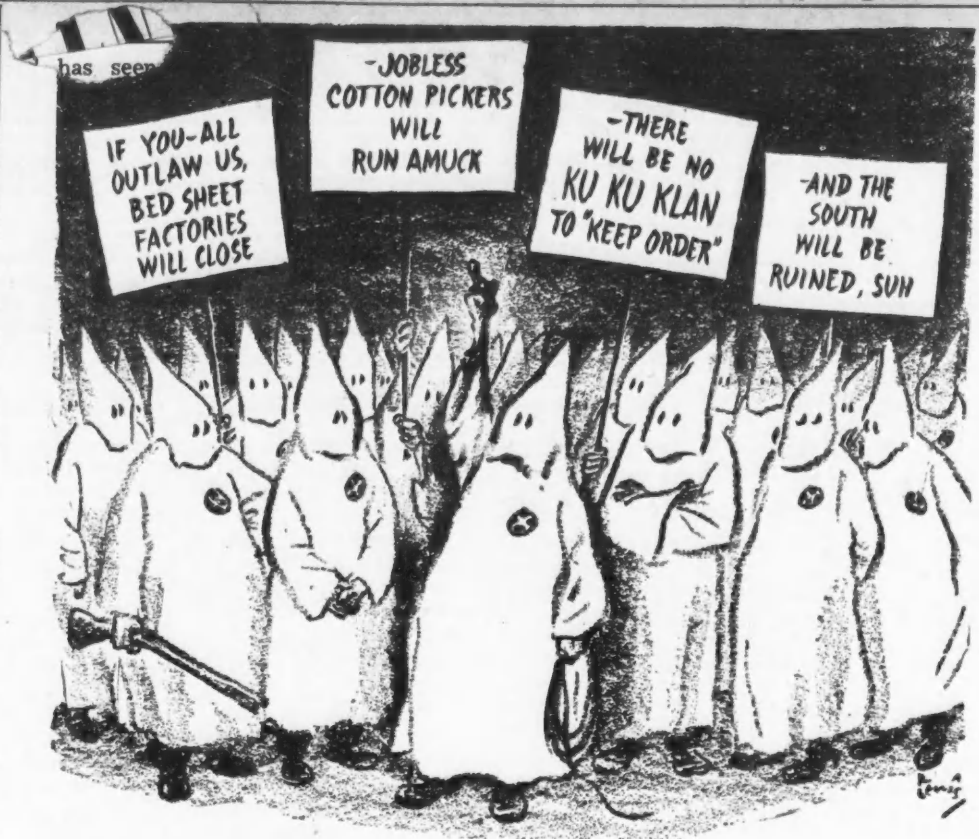
True, the color caste system would be eliminated and this is eminently desirable, but it would only be replaced by the more universal class distinctions of dollars and cents. Men would still be divided. Wealth would still remain in the hands of the few while the mass of the people live in misery and degradation. Man, whether colored or colorless, would still be only a commodity bought and sold on the labor markets.

None of us, white or Negro, can place our hopes on the present system for it is not worthy of them. The burden of injustice placed upon the Negro can, of course, be lightened by such immediate steps as equal educational and job opportunities, but this is not the real solution for the Negro or for any other human being.

It is not enough to patch up the obvious injustice of racism within the framework of an un-Christian social order. We must penetrate more deeply into the nature of our existing order. Dirty bank notes are at the hard core of everything; man has been reduced to irresponsibility.

The aim of the Christian interracial apostolate is not merely the material well-being of a particular group for we have not placed our faith in the great god \$, the alleged remedy of all ills.

For the sake of both groups, Negro and white, we must assert the dignity and responsibility of every person. Decentralization, the redistribution of wealth, family ownership, worker control of the means of production and a return to the land are all integral elements in the solution of our social ills. Without them, interracial justice will be an empty thing.



A Lobbyist Tells the Alabama Legislature—

From the Milwaukee Journal

Negro Press Comments

"BECAUSE Washington, D.C., is so over-run with racial prejudice and bigotry, the United States will have to wait longer before there will be a Negro in a cabinet post. Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, retired UN mediator for Palestine, made that fact clear recently when he rejected appointment as Assistant Secretary of State because he didn't want his children raised in the quagmire of intolerance which is the Nation's Capital.

In noting his reluctance to accept the appointment that would have made him the first Negro holder of a key cabinet post, Dr. Bunche said that he has "bucked racial segregation long enough" and wishes "not to inflict it unnecessarily" on his children. In discussing the appointment, Dr. Bunche made it clear to Secretary of State Dean Acheson that Washington "is not a nice place for a Negro to live."

"THE NUMBER of Negroes who have been accepted as priests for work in this country is less than 25. The only reason why the Catholic Church does not train Negro priests is that it is not yet ready, in spite of all its pronouncements to the contrary, substantially to increase the number of its Negro members. Why isn't the Catholic Church ready? The answer may be found, not in its doctrine, but in its organization as a system of power. The hierarchy, if one may judge by its deeds, has decided that large accessions of Negro members do not promise to add sufficiently to the Church as an instrument of power. But as Negroes win recognition of their civil rights, as they gain education and economic ability, that judgment is likely to change. When these things are accomplished, largely without the assistance of the Roman Catholic Church, the Catholic Church may be expected to change its policy. The time when this will occur may not be far off."

The Message

THE CHURCH SPEAKS

Eleven years ago, George Cardinal Mundelein wrote that "the trouble with us in the past has been that we were too often drawn into an alliance with the wrong side. Selfish employers of labour have flattered the Church by calling it the great conservative force, and then called upon the police to act while they paid but a pittance of wages to those who worked for them. Our place is beside the poor."

Rev. George Dunne, S.J., in his article, "Paul Blanshard and the Catholic Church," appearing in America Magazine last month, wrote that "it is true that there is a widespread and dangerous tendency in Catholic circles to resent and condemn any criticism of Catholic institutions, ecclesiastical policies or ecclesiastical personalities. It is not true, as Blanshard supposes, that every rejection of his or any other criticism is due to this tendency."

"Georges Bernanos in his *Lettres aux Anglais*, wrote a fiery criticism of the hierarchy and the clergy far more caustic, severe, and even violent, than anything Blanshard could write. Besides the essential difference that Bernanos wrote out of a passionate love for Christ and His Church that could not brook

in silence her betrayal by ministers of mediocrity who consistently sacrifice truth and justice to expediency, there is the other essential difference that Bernanos was not blinded by prejudice. . . . Nothing healthier for the Church in this country could happen than the emergence of a Bloy or a Bernanos in our midst. If they emerge, they will be anathematized in many Catholic circles. They will also be warmly welcomed by many other Catholics, who, like myself, reject Blanshard's book as an unfortunate contribution to the cause of bigotry."

Walter Shewring in a magnificent introduction to the "Rich and Poor in Christian Tradition," wrote that "members of the Church are often too ready to share the glory and shirk the ignominy attaching to fellow members. Yet those who belong to the Church of St. Francis also belong to the Church of the Borgias (though happily in not just the same sense). When real scandals exist in the Church—and in this matter of riches and poverty there have been continuous scandals—a Christian betrays his cause by ignoring or condoning them. Christians cannot forbid non-Christians to judge their lapses by Christian standards."

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24 WEST 135TH STREET

Tel. AUdubon 3-4892

MARGARET BEVINS..... Editor
ANNE FOLEY..... Asst. Editor
REV. EDWARD DUGAN..... Official New York Moderator
CARL MERSCHER..... Staff Artist

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MY HOUSE

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know what he was nervous about, but he was. I almost asked him what was the matter. The cop asked Mr. J— for his identification, and Mr. J— had to give it to him twice (he copied the wrong driver's license data the first time). Two more cops came over and stood there.

"Why did you stop us?" I asked the cop who was copying Mr. J—'s name in his little black notebook. I started counting the bullets in his belt but I was interrupted. "Routine checkup," he said. "Does everybody get a 'routine checkup'?" I asked.

"Yes. Doncha like it? If ya don't believe it, come on down to the city hall and I'll show ya."

"Never mind. I just wanted to know."

When we returned from the drive and my friends had gone, two men, one of them an alderman of the town, wanted me to sign an option to them, giving them a chance to buy my house if I ever wanted to sell it, so that they could have legal proof that the house won't be sold to Negroes.

"This is the hottest thing that ever hit this town," one of them said. "If you sign this option, think of all the good you'll be doing. The whole town's stirred up."

"I'M SORRY," I said, "but I won't do a thing until I see a lawyer."

One of my roommates had gone to work. The other sat up all night with me, while the young couple next door spent the night in fear, wondering if the angry mob that had been using careless words of threat might start a race riot in a place where only white people lived. We asked the police to stick around, and they did.

What had I done to start all this trouble? As I sat there on the front porch staring into the night, I wondered. It was dark, even in the moonlight. Once in a while, a cigaret or cigar from the police car would light up.

"Won't you come in for some coffee?" we asked the cops.

"No thanks, we have to stay where we can hear the radio."

It was good to have police around, now that the people had been aroused.

My roommate and I could hardly talk. So we just sat and thought about what happened. Who were these people who came to my house, and who now became such a threat to the neighborhood? Let me tell you about them.

First of all, there is the A— family. They have nine children. I carry their picture in my wallet because they are just about the most wonderful family that I know. One son is in the seminary and another in the Army. A daughter has spent several years in the convent. When their living quarters became

crowded several months ago, I gave a key to my house to one of the older boys.

"Use it when you like," I told him, "I want you to feel at home."

WAY BACK IN December, shortly after I had moved to the duplex, I was coming home from the Post Office where I was working during the Christmas rush, about one o'clock in the morning. I was tired and dejected. It was three days before Christmas. As I neared the house a car pulled up and stopped. It was four of the A— children. They drove me back to the house. There, sparkling out over the soft snow, was a Christmas tree glittering with lights. All the ornaments were made by hand. I was so surprised when I first saw the tree that I had asked them to drive on, because "that can't be my house. It's got a Christmas tree."

Then there was Mrs. A—. I never will forget the tactful way she told me to change brands of coffee. "Your coffee tastes like New Orleans coffee," I soon found out what she meant.

Of course we can't forget G—. He came out more than anybody else, and sometimes (my dear neighbors) he actually stayed overnight! He had bought a camera in the drug store near my house on the installment plan, but now he has to send out money orders to pay for it, because his skin color (he would call it "excessive pigmentation") offends the neighbors. Always immaculately dressed because, he explains, "Negroes are always watched. If they have an unbuttoned collar, they are bums in the eyes of white people, while white people can get away with rolled-up sleeves in the big theatres on Grand Avenue."

Then there was the time when A— went into the Army and we had a farewell party for him, and when his cousin G— came to town from Chicago, I had the two of them for supper, and when A—'s sister went away to college, where she was one of the first Negro girls to board there, we had a party at my house and gave her a copy of "Seven Storey Mountain."

THESE ARE THE people who have committed the crime of visiting a friend in a white community.

The next day I saw a lawyer about the problem and I was told that legally I was pretty safe. This was Friday. Several friends who came to visit me (all white), were stopped and their names and addresses written in the cop's little black book. Any Negro stepping into the village would have been arrested on grounds of suspicion for twenty-four hours, we were told by the cops.

Early in the evening a

guest (white) from out of town was passing through the city. She was to accompany me to Chicago on a business trip. In order to avoid talk, I had a friend drive her to the other side of the duplex, where she stayed while I went into my side of the house to get some things ready for the trip. I was afraid that I would be stopped if I dressed the part of a traveler, so I kept my sport shirt on and packed my suit and other belongings in paper sacks. In that way we escaped the notice of the police and I safely departed for the weekend. When I phoned, just before boarding the train, I was told that the police had noticed my absence and were displeased about it.

Two long distance calls I made while away informed me that things had quieted down. I returned home several days later with a friend. He was disappointed because no one questioned him. "I really don't know if I'm Negro or not, so wouldn't the cops have a picnic trying to find out." Actually he wouldn't be mistaken for a Negro.

My roommate had kept a record of what went on while I was gone. The young wife next door was expecting her first child. She had gone home to live with her mother because the excitement made her ill. [It was learned later that the young couple lost their child.—Ed.]

AT A MEETING in the town hall, B—, my roommate, tried to explain our position. Most of the time was

There is so little love in the world.

Men's hearts are so cold, so frozen,

even in the people who are right,

the only ones who could help the others.

One must have a HARD MIND and a MEEK HEART.

Not counting soft minds with dry hearts,

the world is almost entirely made up

of hard minds with dry hearts

and meek hearts with soft minds.

—JACQUES MARITAIN.

spent wrangling about the options. A lady in the back of the hall said that all she wanted to know was the village going to be white or not. She mentioned a Negro real estate dealer who, she said, had eight places available in the village. The city attorney said that he believed that this man was not a licensed real estate broker. One of the citizens recommended that a statement be drawn up by the city attorney, which people would sign saying they would not sell to the Negroes under forfeiture of \$20,000. This plan was adopted (without reference to the Supreme Court ruling which says that such proceedings are unconstitutional) and a committee was formed to petition signatures.

B—, who had his hand up trying to get the floor, was told that the discussion was closed. He wanted to say that Catholics could not sign such a covenant (there are a

Our Bookshelf

IN HENRY'S BACKYARD, the races of Mankind by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish (members of the Dept. of Anthropology at Columbia University).

Copyright 1948 by Henry Schuman, Inc., New York, N. Y. Published by the Public Affairs Committee, Inc., \$2.00.

This is a delightful tale about a man named Henry (he had three hairs on his head) who awoke one morning to discover that during the night all the world had moved into HIS backyard! There were people of every color — black people, white people, yellow people. At first everyone bubbled over with curiosity about his new neighbor and rushed out of his house to say "Good Morning!"

But they reckoned without the green devil of prejudice who made the startling observation that everyone was DIFFERENT. And everyone had a green devil all his own. So, you can just imagine what happened—a most dreadful fight! Now after every fight there must come a rest. While they were resting, some one asked why they were fighting and why was it that some people came brown and others, yellow. Another someone knew why and so one by one the people came to know the basic truths behind the races of mankind. Filled with humorous illustrations, this little book makes charming and instructive reading for brother and sister, yet it is cleverly written for Mom's and Dad's enjoyment too.

Jean Phillipson.

FILMS

"HOME OF THE BRAVE"

After attempting to grapple with many social questions, Hollywood has at last turned its cameras towards the problem of Negro discrimination. HOME OF THE BRAVE, originally a Broadway play concerning anti-Semitism in war time action, neatly transfers the theme to the question of Negro-white relations. As might be expected it does not originate from one of the major film studios but rather from one of the new young film companies, Screen Plays Corporation, who previously scored such success with CHAMPION.

Hollywood often attempts to combine good drama with "a message." Usually it bumbles the job badly, without bringing satisfaction in either department. A notable example of same was the self-conscious attempt to condemn anti-Semitism adequately in the ill-fated wheezy GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT. Generally HOME OF THE BRAVE avoids this sad extreme, though it is far from being free of the fault. Nevertheless, within its limited framework it is a significant picture to be included in intelligent film fare.

With strong emotional impact, HOME OF THE BRAVE tells of Negro Private Moss (excellently played by James Edwards) who volunteers with four white soldiers for a dangerous mission in the war

against Japan. Suffering from shock which paralyzes him from the waist down, he is brought back to a base hospital for treatment. Under army psychiatric care, he relives his experience of the various degrees of Jim Crow attitude he met in his fellow soldiers.

The film is marked with sensitive intelligent acting, especially notable in that the cast is relatively unknown to film audiences. The over-all effect of HOME OF THE BRAVE is that of an emotional sledge-hammer delivered with unquestioned sincerity. It should afford interesting contrast with other coming films on racial discrimination—the much-hailed LOST BOUNDARIES and PINKY. Attention in this film is directed to the three major elements of racial discrimination, jungle warfare and psychiatry. Occasionally they get badly tangled.

HOME OF THE BRAVE was produced on a remarkable low budget without grandiose sets or unnecessary fanfare. Consistently aiming at simplicity, it tends to oversimplify both human beings and the racial problem. But it still deserves serious attention in that, unlike many other recent films, it has such rare elements as intelligent acting, vivid realism and a most direct frankness.

—Jerry Pocock.

large number of Catholics in the community).

After the meeting, B— waited near the door, in case he might meet someone he knew. A spotlight from a car nearby shone on his face. When B— finally left the same car with the spotlight pulled behind him and spotted him again. B— asked the driver if he wanted something.

"I might," he said, after a pause, but a woman in the car kept urging him to go on.

When I got home from my trip I arranged a meeting with the pastor, having been unsuccessful before. I told him the situation, which he already knew, and asked what he thought. He told me to be practical, that the time is not ripe, and that I can't expect

these people to be guided by reason. I asked him about the Pope, the N.C.W.C. and about Justice.

"JUSTICE," he said, "doesn't enter into it. Don't tell me about the N.C.W.C. and all that. This is a social problem. You have to be practical."

I asked about the duty of civic leaders and pastors to instruct their people in these matters and would he tell the people from the pulpit that it is a sin to sign a restrictive covenant. He would not.

"Get out," he said, "and let's call this discussion at an end. Are you trying to tell me how to run my parish?"

With that he showed me the door.

WANT TO BUY A HOUSE?

Anti-Semitism is the most horrible blow yet suffered by Our Lord in His continuous Passion, it is the bloodiest and most unforgivable because He receives it upon HIS MOTHER'S FACE and at the hand of Christians.

—LEON BLOY.

The B Jots It Down

By Catherine de Hueck Doherty

The response to the short outline of "What Is Friendship House" has been great, and the demand for further elucidation of the "segments" of the circle that to me is Friendship House, has been so constant that I take this opportunity to elaborate somewhat the parts that make up the whole of this Lay Apostolate.

I began the outline by stating the underlying fundamental principle from which all the "segments" or works of Friendship House (U.S.A.) stem. (This principle is the foundation of all other Friendship Houses wherever they may be in the future and of its Canadian Province, although they may deal with man in the broader sense and not with a particular group).

Principle

The principle then for Friendship House (U.S.A.) reads: The Negro is a man. A child of God created in the image and likeness of God and hence endowed with an immortal soul. He was created as all men were—to save that immortal soul by loving, honoring and serving God.

If the above is true (and it is) then the Negro has certain inalienable rights that must be given to him. He has a certain dignity that cannot be tampered with. This brings Friendship House into the political apostolate which is the first segment of the FH apostolate.

Here Friendship House must tread softly, for being itself a Lay Apostolate of the Church engaged in Catholic action it cannot, must not, according to the very clear directives from the Holy See, itself engage in political action.

The Jocists of Belgium once did, many of them affiliating themselves as a group with the "Rexist," a movement that in the years 1936-1941 was closely related to Hitler and Nazism. Stern measures were at once taken to break that affiliation by the Cardinal of Maline, Belgium.

One has to differentiate clearly in this matter. As a private individual, a Friendship House staff worker has indeed all the political and democratic rights that are his inheritance as a citizen of a given country, just as the clergy also have these rights. His and theirs is the right to vote, to argue about elections, etc. But, as a body belonging in a manner of speaking to the Royal Priesthood of Christ and engaged in the restoration of the world according to the principles and teachings of God and His Holy Church, they must stay within the fields allotted to them, namely those of teaching the Principles of Christian Politics.

Knowledge

Theirs is the duty of instructing individuals or persons engaged in politics. They can and must act thru the lawful channels given to them in clarifying issues that pertain to the work they are engaged in. In this case the Negro and his inalienable rights as a child of God and citizen of a democracy.

The first step of this Political Apostolate of restoring

government and its representatives is a thorough knowledge of Christian principles in politics and government.

To that end Friendship House must endeavor to secure the best clerical and lay teachers on the subjects and, not only learn the score itself, but, through its Open-Forums, present it to those who come to them. A series of this type would go a long way to clarify the ways and means Staff Workers and Directors of Friendship House should take to re-Christianize this most paganized part of our world—politics. To bring Christ back into the Government of Nations, ours in particular, is an apostolate indeed, even if it is only on the issues of interracial justice. But such are God's ways, that when one begins to work on one issue only, the whole chain of Christian fundamental principles follow and slowly the work penetrates into every facet of the particular field it is directed to.

But, let us clarify further, the steps Friendship House could take in this specific political apostolate. We have mentioned one—knowledge thru lectures and thru systematic reading. (Should anyone wish a list or bibliography on this phase of the apostolate, I would gladly supply one, but the N.C.W.C. of Washington, D.C., has an extensive pamphlet library and bibliographical lists available for the asking, as has the C. I. P. of 5 Beekman Street—write to Mrs. Anne Brady, N. Y. C.). Having be-



gun with acquiring knowledge, the next task is disseminating it widely, for one of the most important parts of a political apostolate is forming public opinion.

Forming Opinion

Here comes into play one of the most vital ways of doing so. Through the spoken and written word. Hence a Lecture Bureau is a must for Friendship House. It could be run locally or centrally. Lecturers should be specially selected and trained according to their specific talents and type of knowledge, but some must be dedicated to the political apostolate which for them would consist in stating constantly the true principles of Christian Government, with added accent on the rights of minorities, in this case the Negro.

A portion of The Catholic Interracialist, the Friendship House monthly publication,

should be devoted to the same end, endeavoring to secure the best talents in this line possible. Thus bringing the written word to bear on the subject.

Study Clubs devoted to the same end are powerful means of indoctrination of small select groups that work in leavening the masses in geometrical progress.

Seminars devoted to specific groups may be the membership of two or three study clubs together and a few other people interested in the subject matter, not belonging to them but good material for future membership, are another way of disseminating knowledge and sowing God's truth in this particular field. Seminars should be held monthly. Study Clubs weekly.

Pressure Groups

The formation of pressure groups is a lawful process of democracy and Catholicity. You all remember the Legion of Decency. Whenever legislators or private interests for the purpose of gain, power, etc., disregard flagrantly God's laws, it is perfectly reasonable and permissible to form groups of influence. Friendship House should organize such whenever there is a flagrant breach against the rights of the Negro. It is advisable though to have such organized activities done under the direct supervision of a moderator or a priest, so that nary a shadow of a mistake could be made. For it would not do to let one's zeal run away. In cases like these, clerical direction is imperative.

Participation

Participation in such group-work of righteous citizens as are engaged in the same goals, is permissible and advisable but again only with specific direction of a priest and the O. K. of the moderator in each specific case. For the principle of Catholic Action states that it is out to reform not only men but institutions and in the latter there are many not of the Catholic Faith. Hence, permission and direction of proper ecclesiastical authorities is a must.

Letter writing, article writing for other publications than our own, both Catholic and Lay, representation before Legislative bodies, and a constant seeking of up-to-date knowledge of their work in the particular sphere of Friendship House interest, should be part of the political apostolate of Friendship House. Our branch in the Capitol of the United States should be the clearing house for such information.

Each house too, will have different problems to face according to its location, urban or rural, the State in which it is located, etc. Each should work out their own technique but share it with the rest of the body of Friendship House so that all should know what everyone is doing and how successful these "doings" are. Thus helping each other.

Eventually through all these activities that should in each house be under the direction of a well-trained Staff Worker, funds will become available for further work in the writing apostolate and pamphlets will result that will help the cause.

Such then is the political phase of Friendship House and its outlets and techniques.

Friendship House
34 West 135th St.
New York 30, N. Y.

St. Peter Claver Center
1513 You St.
Washington 9, D. C.

Blessed Martin's Farm
R.D. No. 1
Montgomery, N. Y.

Harlem Reporter

By MABEL KNIGHT

NEW STAFFWORKERS from four Friendship Houses gathered at St. Joseph's Friendship House at Marathon, Wisconsin, for a month's study of the principles underlying Friendship House's work which is to bring the world to Christ, starting with themselves, by performing the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, specializing in inter-racial justice. The encyclicals, works of Berdyaev, Maritain, Bloy, Dawson, Peguy, Guardini, Von Hildebrand, Fr. Hillriegel, Gill, Chesterton, Belloc, Fr. La Farge, Fr. Cantwell, and Fr. Gillard helped give us Catholic answers to the world's problems. Our knowledge of the lay apostolate was increased by books by Fr. Wendell, Dorothy Day, Dom Chautard, our own Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Doherty and others. Dr. and Mrs. Donald Gallagher from Marquette University and their five-year old son, Paul, came to give us knowledge and a fine example of Christian marriage. Fr. Weller and John Bettin helped us on the Liturgy. A young Ethiopian student from Marquette told us of the Coptic rite, though it is not united to Rome. This month is merely the beginning of an evergrowing deeper knowledge and love of Catholic learning.

The staff in Marathon gave us great hospitality. Everyone pitched in and helped on the work. The weather was too fair it seems, as Fr. Multerer was continually praying for rain. As Christian recreation is part of our program, we had some grand evenings of folk dancing in the big round barn. Apparently some of us developed some brains in our feet before the month was up because the Virginia Reel went much smoother at the end. Those of us from New York are hoping to dance these same dances in our big barn at Blessed Martin's Farm in Montgomery, New York.

Each of us will go back to our own Friendship House feeling a closer bond with the other houses because of these people we have learned to know and love.

Around Friendship Houses

Wisconsin Re

By GRACE PRATT

LIFE ON THE "FARM" was most month. The annual "I. C." (training Workers) was held here from May 16 to June 1, during the month the eleven new workers from Friendship Houses in Washington, Chicago, New York, and St. Paul shared the common experience of participating in the Prime and Compline, listened to lectures and on the organized lay apostolates, Catholic Worker, Friendship House and highlights of the course was a week-end delivered by Doctor and Mrs. Gallagher of St. Joseph's. They spoke on the importance of Christ especially through the renewal of Life. We were fortunate indeed to have a time when the Church's liturgy during the rogation days the entire parish at Marathon took part in the procession, re-enactment of the Saints and the blessings of the Ascension Thursday a priest friend of the house offered a Missa Cantata right here in our

Civil Rights

We were happy to learn that on June 1st, Civil Rights Bill 699A was heard before the Senate Committee on Education and Public Welfare in the Wisconsin State Legislature. A penalty for segregation and discrimination in Public Schools in Wisconsin is imposed by this bill. Friendship House has written to Senator Robinson, Chairman, informing him of the importance of its passage in the solution of minority problems.

Elaine Jones, colored Staff Worker, recently had the opportunity of testing out the discriminatory practice of a hotel in a nearby Wisconsin city. A Negro who stays at this hotel is forced "to eat his meals in his room, not be seen loitering in the lobby, and not to enter the restaurant." Elaine and a white friend visited the restaurant and after some deliberation the management decided to serve them. How encouraging it could be if interracial teams all over the U. S. A. could use this persuasive technique for interracial justice.

New Arrivals

Another Wisconsinite has been added to our Farm staff. Margaret Boehler, an attractive young lady who hails from Appleton, arrived during the first week of June. God has been good to send her to us, for her lovely spirit and

The layfolk are in the forefront of Church life, they especially are more conscious not only of being Catholics, but of BEING the Church.

Round Friendship Houses

Friendship House
4233 So. Indiana Ave.
Chicago 15, Ill.

Madonna House
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

St. Joseph's Farm
Marathon City
Wisconsin

Wisconsin Reporter

By GRACE PRATT

"FARM" was most interesting this past summer. "I. C." (training center for new Staff) was here from May 16 through June 11. During the summer new workers from the Friendship House, Chicago, New York, and the Farm experienced participating in daily Mass, listened to lectures on race relations, and lay apostolates, such as the Grail, the Fellowship House and Jocism. One of the highlights was a week-end of five lectures delivered by Mrs. Gallagher of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the importance of restoring the world through the renewal of Christian Family. The center indeed to have the "I. C." fall during the Church's liturgy was so full. During the entire parish at St. Mary's Church at the time of the procession, recitation of the Litany of the fruits and herbs. On the day a priest friend of ours dropped in and stayed right here in our own house!

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willing pair of hands are real assets!

There have been many visitors these days. Nuns, priests and lay persons from such towns as Stratford, Halder, Mosinee, Wausau, Little Rib, Steven's Point and Merrill. Also, just a few days ago the AAUW Social Studies Branch of Wausau held their Monthly meeting here at Friendship House. About nine women attended and final plans were made for sending a Civil Rights display to the National Convention in Seattle on June 19.

Right now the number of inhabitants here at the farm have increased to about thirty, for three boys from Marquette University and three girls from Cardinal Stritch College in Milwaukee have come to give our round barn two coats of fresh new red paint. How grateful we are for all their hard work.

"Because of the unusual amount of work we had to do this Spring we were late in getting out our Begging Letter, but it is at the printers now. Our bills are sky high and we have \$26.20 in the Bank. Won't you please pray for the success of our Begging Letter and for the Summer School of Interracial Living which will be held from July 17-September 4?"

are in the forefront line of the
ey especially must ever be
not only of belonging to the
BEING the Church.

—PIUS XII

Blessed Martin's Farm

By MABEL KNIGHT

Thanks to God and His good friends who have enabled us to make the down payment on Blessed Martin's Farm on Barren Road, Montgomery, N. Y., it was a great joy on the last day of our retreat to have a conference by our retreat master, Fr. Cantillon, S.J., of St. Peter's College, under our own apple trees. Then Father blessed the house and fields. It's a lovely blessing. This is part of it: "Thy kindness, O almighty God, we humbly implore, that Thou wouldst shower Thy blessings upon these fields, mountain meadows, pastures and meadows which Thou hast nurtured with favorable weather. Grant to Thy people a sense of constant gratitude for Thy gifts. Destroy any infertility in the land, thus filling the hungry with an affluence of good things; so that the poor and needy may praise Thy wondrous name for all time and eternity. Amen." Mountain meadows suits much of the place. The best rain for a month followed the blessing.

Nathan Lincoln has done a fine job in starting a large vegetable garden including ten bushels of potatoes. He has worked so hard that other people have been inspired to help him in spite of the ravages of poison oak and poison ivy. A neighboring farmer put in corn in return for use of our pasture for his cows. Frank Fabinski and others from the Christian Family group in the Bronx have furnished such essential articles as an electric iron and an ironing board. Maryfarm has given us some screens and many other things. They let Nathan live there when he first came up and have been most generous in lending tools. John Fillinger has given us good advice on farming and we were delighted when he told us that their cow, Molly, had twin calves the first day of our retreat. May the Lord reward all these good friends and all the rest of you who have helped, and will help us until we have the necessities for our work there.

Do you have any of these articles lying unused in attics, bureau drawers or garages? Beds, clean mattresses, book-

(Continued on page 6)

Chicago Reporter

By BETTY SCHNEIDER

SUMMERTIME. Much of Chicago seems to be deserted for the beaches, the suburbs, northern Wisconsin and the Lakes. Yet our South Side streets teem more than ever with hundreds of people. Thousands of kids are now out of school. Mothers leave their crowded one-room kitchenettes, which are more intolerable than ever with the heat, the stickiness, and the smells which bad ventilation and muggy air do not carry away.

Forty-third Street has much more than its share of man loiterers, for the problem of employment keeps growing. To get a job these days, one must pay. For example, one of the girls got a factory job last week, for which she was to pay a full week's salary, and then dollars of it before she could take her place on the assembly line. She worked a day and a half, and was told she would be called back when needed. Wages were paid by the hour.

Housing

In the sea of frustration which comes from trying to grapple with the housing problems, which haven't been solved for any of Chicago much less the Negro section, there are a few little heartening notes. The side of Indiana Avenue which faces us is taking on an encouraging look. There, most of the property is owned by people living in it. Grass has been planted in the handkerchief-sized front lawns, and the green looks nice against the red-brick fronts with their window sashes newly painted or washed.

The contrast is great with our side of the avenue, most of which is owned by absentee landlords. There is little paint on any of the buildings and in the case of the house next door, the only glass in the window panes was that which a group of Madonna High School girls donated.

Camp

Jamie, who lived next door, is one of the boys we hope to send to camp. Last year, sixty of our children went to the country. Some parents paid the full fifteen dollars for ten days of fresh air and sunshine. Many paid a portion of it. This year, we have only one family to date which can afford the full fifteen dollars and one of the younger teen agers who can pay her own way because she plays hymns each Sunday in a store front church. Tired as we get of constantly asking, we think of 43rd Street on a hot day, and a tenement house on a sultry night. And so we remind you that our goal is \$750 to send fifty children to a taste of God's green earth. To date we have sixty dollars, counting the thirty being paid by families. We are signing the children up, and praying hard.

Our summertime bill of fare would have been a little less than spare, were it not for the Mother's Club. Their annual tea and the accompanying baby contest brought us many new acquaintances, and a sizable donation. The three little ladies whose pictures graced our front window for a portion of June were Earline Holliday, Carol Hummons and Carol Ann Clay, the baby contest winners. Year by year, the Mothers' Club work for us, deepening our friendships in the community, and showing us constantly just how much they want and need a Friendship House. God bless all of them!

Summertime, and F. H. comes fully alive with its vacation school and eighty chil-

dren run with the cooperation of C. Y. O., with volunteers, students, teachers and seminarians from all over the continent. This year, we have Frank Leahy from Conception Seminary for the full time, Earl Greenburg, John Reinkmeyer of Conception; Virgil Brownfield and Bill Nerin of Kendrick Seminary all helping us for a few weeks. Bill Cofell is on hand from St. John's University to work with the children, and Mary



Loughlin from New Mexico. Any day now, Martin McKinnon is to arrive. He is hitchhiking from Antigonish, Nova Scotia. There are so many willing hands, so many kind friends and so many people coming every day. God is good, and we keep praying that He will deepen the realization within us all of our tremendous strength in Christ. Together we can work and pray. Together we can piece together the dismembered parts of Christ's Mystical Body rent by racial prejudice. In the midst of much activity, we pray for a constant understanding that reform begins with ourselves for, as Tom Merton points out, in his "Seeds of Contemplation," it is only the fire of God... that can refine us like gold, and separate us from the slag and the dross of our selfish individualities to fuse us into the wholeness of perfect unity."

Washington Reporter

By MARY HOUSTON

IT WOULD SOUND very noble to be able to tell you that we have been struggling along this month with only three full time workers, staggering under our expanding activities while Joe and Beth Anne are away in Wisconsin getting FH indoctrination. But it isn't so. The Lord has been extremely generous in providing people to work during their absence. Larry Lee, for example, recently graduated from Howard University, gives long periods of willing service and keeps us in gales of laughter to boot; Jim Coonihan, a philosophy major at Catholic University, who is a master at gentle satire in a Christian manner, and who is ably helping as a visiting volunteer; Hank Cranfor, ex-labor organizer, Flying Tiger in China and Marine pilot, brings a fund of experience and a genial disposition... to say nothing of our many part-time volunteers! We wish we could name them all.

Firsts

Washington FH is still having a series of "firsts". Our first Mass together at St. Paul's and breakfast afterwards at the center with Miss Camille Nickerson of Howard University's School of Music giving us impromptu entertainment at the piano. Then Fr. Alexander Sigur of New Orleans spoke wonderfully on the Liturgy. This month we're having our first social night. The center isn't very big, but we plan to move all the tables away (we don't know where) and have folk dancing.

Visits

We were blessed, too, with the visit of many wonderful priests, all interested in the work of the laity for a Christian social order. Fr. Shaughnessy of Peoria, Ill.; Fr. Fehrenbacher of St. Cloud, Minn.; Father Rollins Lambert of Chicago, and Fr. Fergus McDonald, the latter well known to us through the Passionist seminarians who have long sung his praises. These priests came separately (not the way I have lined them up), and we drank deeply of their wisdom and spirituality and joy.

Anne

Our beloved Anne Foley, who is not really ours, is leaving to return to Harlem this month. She has been kidded to the limit about her red hair, her Bahston accent, her feet... but she can really take it. Will we miss her!

Retreat

We're all looking forward to greeting the N.Y. brethren soon for their annual retreat at the Catholic Worker Farm, to which we've invited ourselves. Our moderator, Fr. Joyce, is going on his vacation the same week, so we have a free ride. A couple of very able volunteers are going to keep the center going while we're away. Please pray that we make a good retreat.

HAVE YOU ANSWERED OUR APPEAL YET?

We have no money to hire buses to take the children to Maryknoll.

\$2,000 is needed to pay our bills, mostly to our printer who helps so much in our apostolate for the justice of Christ.

34 W. 135TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

FARM

(Continued from page 5)

cases, dressers, chairs, tables, sheets, pillowcases, blankets, towels, dishes, cooking utensils, plumbing fixtures or supplies, garden tools, wash pitchers and basins, commodes, mirrors, good Catholic books, liturgical hymnals, and religious articles, varnish, floor paint, putty, glass, wall-board, window and folding screens, typewriter, piano, washing machine, electric refrigerator, stove for bottled gas, oil range, records of folk-dancing, liturgical or classical music, record player, cleaning materials of all kinds, outdoor and indoor games such as darts, badminton, horseshoes, checkers, or baseball equipment? Please bring them to the farm. If that is impossible you might send them. If you live near the farm we might get someone to pick them up for us. I forgot to mention food but that is an absolute necessity considering how hungry industrious young farmers get.

TENEMENT DWELLERS

(Continued from page 1)

landlords, though having received rent money regularly, have not seen the state of their property for years and are sincerely shocked by the vile conditions which bring forth the complaints of their tenants. Some of them have taken definite action to remedy this. But to most tenants, the landlord is a vague indefinite person whose identity is unknown by all except his representatives in the realty company.

In many buildings in Harlem, conditions are indescribably foul and the lack of action on the part of those responsible (who never fail to collect a substantial rent) is indefensible. For example, in 1942 Catherine Jenkins took a flat on 135th Street. There is no time that she can remember when that flat did not have housing violations which the law condemned. On two occasions she successfully sued the agent who handled her landlord's property. She said, "The judge ordered the agent to tear down the walls and ceilings. They were really rotting. But before that happened, part of the ceiling fell on me. It almost killed me." On three occasions she reported to the fire marshal that the dumbwaiter in the six-story building was crammed up to the top with garbage.

IN November of 1948 a Harlem school teacher told her of the work of the State-Wide Tenants' League—one of the active new tenants leagues who are representing tenants exclusively in complaints dealing with their dwelling and community. The tenants' leagues are showing to the members of the community

(Continued on page 7)

Here are directions on getting to the farm: From Newburgh take 17K west through Coldenham. You will see a general store on your right. The road on your left across from this store is Barren Road. Go along it for about a mile and you will see Blessed Martin's Farm with the big white house above an old stone wall on your right. From New York cross the George Washington bridge. Take Route 4 till you come to 17. Follow 17 to Monroe where you'll take 208 to Burn-

side until you come to Route 207. Take your right there. In a short time you'll come to Barren Road on your left. Turn left and drive about two miles. Blessed Martin's Farm will be on your left. We'll be there on Sunday afternoons. At other times we'll be somewhere on our 47 acres. If we had a big bell for you to ring we'd come running. There are many lovely picnic spots but as yet we have no tables or outdoor fireplaces. It's about sixty miles from New York. We hope to see many of our friends there.

THE LORD SAYS:

Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and the harborless into thy house: when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thy own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall hear: thou shalt cry, and He shall say: Here I am. If thou wilt take away the chain out of the midst of thee, and cease to stretch out the finger, and to speak that which profiteth not. When thou shalt pour out thy soul to the hungry, and shalt satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise up in darkness, and thy darkness shall be as the noon day. And the Lord will give thee rest continually and will fill thy soul with brightness, and deliver thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a fountain of water whose waters shall not fail.

—ISAIAH 58, 7-11.

DEATH

(Continued from page 1)

monia, and bronchial infections.

JUANITA STRUGGLED with pneumonia for over a month; it settled into a bronchial disorder, and then recurred with threatening force. She had been healthy, alert, and happy, but she dwindled into the agonizing bundle of helplessness that is a sick baby. The doctor whom her parents called in applied the best of modern scientific care, but the odds were too much.

One morning he told her parents to bring her to Harlem Hospital. (He himself was not on the staff of any hospital—that is another story: the number of colored physicians who are crowded out of our hospital system and have to depend on the emergency facilities of the city hospitals for direct admissions). After the long, weary wait at the emergency department of Harlem Hospital, Juanita was examined and her parents were told that she had only a bad cold and was not really seriously ill. They were to take her home and keep her in bed.

But as the day progressed they became terrified, because it was obvious that she was very ill indeed.

In the afternoon they took her to their doctor's office. He was shocked and horrified that the hospital had refused to admit her. He gave her another injection of penicillin and wrote a note for her parents to present at the emergency desk. Again they carried the feverish miserable baby to Harlem Hospital. It was about 5:00 in the afternoon.

"You will have to wait your turn," the nurse said. The doctors were not on duty yet, and there were several patients already waiting. Juanita's parents protested that this was an emergency, showed their note from the doctor, asked the nurse to look at Juanita. But to no avail.

Two long, suffering hours fulfilled the inhuman sentence. It was 7:00 before Juanita was finally examined again, 7:30 by the time the formalities of admission had been got through and she could be put to bed. Sometime after midnight her parents were called to the hospital. One of the good Holy Ghost Fathers from St. Mark's had stopped by to bless her. At 3:30 in the morning Juanita was dead.

[The Hospital authorities evidenced great interest in Juanita after her death and requested permission of her parents to perform a post-mortem. Her father refused. Ed.]

THINGS DONE

(Continued from page 1)

full time to their students was worse.

What would you do? Wouldn't you fight for the rights of your children? The Consolidated Parents Group came into being to do just that.

Attorney Charles Houston, spearhead of the group, brought the scandal existing within the District's segregated school system before the courts. So far the group has succeeded in accomplishing the following:

1. Petitioned the Board of Education for abandonment of the double shift schedule at one school. It was abandoned.

2. Refused to submit to the order of the Board of Education to send children across Benning Road to move from school to school in all kinds of weather. The practice was stopped.

3. Filed a brief with the Attorney General in support of the National Park Service positions that District playgrounds on National Park Service properties may not be segregated. Matter still pending.

4. Moved to have the District Attorney attack the practice of holding "District High School Championship" title games when colored schools were not permitted to compete. Parties were notified that this practice would be attacked in courts. Advertising was changed.

5. Appeared before the Subcommittee for the District of Columbia of the Senate Appropriation Committee to secure a total authorization of \$3,600,000.00 for Springarn High School for Colored and replacement of the existing appropriation which the House deleted. Senate action is pending.

6. Instituted suit against the Board of Education for the injury inflicted on colored children because of unequal educational opportunities offered them. Suit is in progress and depositions are being taken.

RECENTLY THERE HAS also been completed a report for Congress to show the conditions and facilities for education in the Nation's Capital. Although it was not made with an eye to reveal racial injustice, even a casual glance at the facts and figures tell the unfairness of our present system. The Strayer Report, completed in April, 1949, proves the inequality of our school facilities. To give but a few of the statistics: Although the Dunbar High School is only supposed to carry a student load of 1,312 actually 1,687 colored children are attending this school; similarly the Armstrong High School, built to accommodate 875 children, has 1,172 children. The Cordoza School which accommodates 845 children has 1,721 children or over twice as many as it was meant to accommodate, thus having to stagger the children's classes into three "shifts." Meanwhile the white school such as Central High which has a capacity for 1,950 students, had such a low enrollment that Powell Junior High School was incorporated and still the school has 513 vacant places; Eastern High has 15 vacant places, and so on

through a long list. All in all, there are 3,000 vacant spaces in white schools, yet colored children have to pass these white schools, pay carfare to go to an over-crowded school outside their zone. Then there are also statistics regarding class size, and the requirements of an ideal school and how the District schools measure up.

It was found that the ideal class size is 25 pupils to a teacher. For the white schools there is an average class size of 27 and a fraction, for the colored it is 34. The adequacy of the schools compared to the ideal school, judged from a standpoint of 7 items has also been gauged. The ideal school has a score of 1,000 points, taking into consideration buildings, sites and facilities. It was found that the District Schools were as follows:

Negro

Dunbar had a score of 489
Cordoza 371
Armstrong 353

White

Roosevelt 767
Eastern 764
Woodrow Wilson 744
Coolidge 738
Anacostia 721
Central 708
Western 606

Statistics have also been found to prove that while Negro and white measure relatively the same in intelligence tests given in early grades, the Negro fails in his studies 5 times as much as a white child. Since these tests estimate the capacity for learning rather than actual knowledge, it can be seen that abilities being equal, the training must be inadequate.

WE, AS A NATION, pride ourselves on our democracy, equality for all, the right of all men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, yet we allow such conditions to exist in the very heart of the nation. A house is not built with the roof first, but rather we lay the foundation, then, brick for brick, build up until we come to the roof and complete the building. So it is in the problem of peace and justice on an international scale. We must first attain our object nationally, then it will be established internationally. We have our foundation in the Christian principles as set forth in our Constitution, but brick for brick we still have a long way to go until we can say that we are really living in practice what we are, in theory, supposed to stand for. The inequality and injustice of racial segregation is a wrong that must be corrected. The Consolidated Parents Group cannot accomplish it all alone. Everyone in his own particular sphere must try to overcome segregation and racial prejudice. We must all join together in our efforts to accomplish the reality of our principles of democracy and equality. Let us do something positive. Let us start today.

Man should not consider his material possessions as his own but as common to all.

—ST. THOMAS ACQUINAS.

Before you dream of saving a poor man's soul, give him a life which will allow him to realize that he has one!

—ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

TENEMENT DWELLERS

(Continued from page 6)

their rights before the law and encouraging them to respect the rights of their landlords. Its prime purpose is to encourage amicable and mutually beneficial relationships between tenants and landlords and/or their agents.

Mrs. Jenkins knew that action by herself in the face of involved legal procedure was both expensive and uncertain. On learning of the tenants' league nearby, she organized a meeting in her flat where she invited all the tenants of the building and a representative from the State-Wide Tenants' League. "Only 15 of the 22 tenants showed up at that meeting," she said, "but that's o.k. with me. We've got enough people to see this thing through properly. As for the other seven who aren't interested—I'm not worried if they don't join. If they want to live in all that dirt and filth, well it's o.k. by me."

Beside the numerous violations in individual flats—falling ceilings and walls, etc.—at that time there was not sufficient heat in the building. The hallways were filthy and unlighted. At the time of writing the dumbwaiter is crammed to the top of a six-story building with uncollected garbage. The resulting odor is truly indescribable. In such filth, it is natural that rats (big ones!) and other various vermin breed and multiply.

The condition of Catherine's living quarters is not uncommon in Harlem. In many other flats it is worse. The constant repetition of such injustice makes the matter more vicious and indefensible. Other major violations in the Harlem area are those of faulty electric wiring, a serious fire hazard, lack of heat in winter and faulty plumbing, often including a lack of hot water, a condition strongly felt by large families.

Catherine's complaints and those of other tenants have been filed in court through a tenants' league and it now appears that justice will be done. Mr. A. J. Clark, representative of Mrs. Jenkin's landlord, has appeared in a court action as the result of the numerous complaints of the tenants of the building in which she lives.

There is little formal publicity for Tenants' Leagues. Most members originally hear of it by word-of-mouth recommendations. In the case of the State-Wide Tenants' League, the joining fee is \$2



ST. BENEDICT

CHRONICLE OF A MASSACRE

By GEORGE A. MCCAULIFF

IN THE YEAR of our Lord 1946, Truman being President of the United States, Arnall Governor of the sovereign state of Georgia (Talmadge the Elder being Governor-elect), and one Gordon Sheriff of Walton County within the northern confines thereof, there gathered together in the afternoon of July 25 a band of white men, that is, men whose skins were not red nor yellow nor black but white.

For there was a rumor abroad at that time that four negroes, that is, men whose skins were not red nor yellow nor white but black, two each male and female, were travelling to the cotton plantation of a white man, one Loy Harrison. And with them travelled Harrison. And their names, as men were called in those days, were Roger Malcolm and George Dorsey, and the females, sisters, were their wives.

Now it came to pass that the throng that had foregathered, having covenanted among themselves, sprang from ambush upon the travellers at the approach to a bridge over the river called Apalachee. And having blocked the bridge, the band seized Harrison and the negroes, both male and female.

And while one of the mob, which is said to have numbered about twenty men, held a weapon called a shotgun at the head of Harrison, the others laid hands upon the negroes and, having led them away, slew them.

And they had reason to slay them for one of them, Roger Malcolm, while drunk, had with his knife wounded a white man. And he had not yet been tried in any court of justice in that land but was free under bond signed by Harrison. And the others were innocent of all crime save that it was thought that they had recognized some of the mob.

And adjudged guilty of such recognition, they died.

And they having died, the white man Harrison was set free.

But the President of the United States, as that land was known in that time, was sore distressed and sent the secret police to investigate. And the agent, Weeks, representing the law of that country, travelled north from New Orleans. But he found nothing. And the agent, Trost, travelled north from Atlanta. But he found nothing. And fifteen or twenty agents also; but they found nothing.

The Governor, Arnall, was hopeful of progress.

And the Governor-elect, Talmadge the Elder, said: "... the rest of the country can't seem to understand these things down here."

And the people of Walton County were grievously hurt that the slayings should take place in their region. Said one Camp, editor, "... another fifty feet and it would have been over in Oconee County."

But the founding fathers of that country had written for all generations and for all time:

"All men are created free and equal ..."

But four black people, two each male and female, were slain in that country during the afternoon of July 25, 1946.

And the men that slew them were white.

And this is something that we cannot now understand, for historians have called that country great and well advanced in the arts both of peace and of war and of a civilization much admired at that time.

But four black people were slain by twenty white men in the afternoon of July 25, 1946, in Walton County, in the State of Georgia, in the country known at that time as the United States of America.



ST. CLARE

from the aspect of its aims, its organization and activities. The truth can only be realized by becoming acquainted with its spirit and fully conscious of its concrete meaning to the individuals that are involved. You would understand what I mean if you could sit in on one of their meetings. After business matters have been taken care of, the meeting is closed with the prayer: "Lord, watch between me and thee, while we are absent one from another."

"The League has proven to me," said Catherine Jenkins, "that I have a real right to appear in court and be fairly heard so that we can all get what we deserve for all that rent we pay. It proves the fact that we aren't going to be pushed around. It proves that something can really be done—not just the usual high-sounding, long-winded speeches. Besides all that, I've come to know my neighbors much

better. Our neighbors are really becoming our friends as they should be, because at last we're working together."

MR. THOMAS P. HARRIS, one of the key organizers of the State-Wide Tenants' League, has been working continually, sacrificing his own leisure time to further the organization. He said, "Individually the task is difficult and next to impossible under present conditions. Group action is necessary as the only answer to better—and that is—decent living conditions, bringing about better health and comfort for wholesome, civilized living. Our organization is also attempting to promote a juvenile program to eliminate street playing. Clubs and play rooms are being obtained wherever landlords are willing to allot space for the sake of the children and the entire community. This is being done in the Bronx where, in one place, two of the tenants have offered to teach photography, free of charge, to any of the children in the neighborhood. We intend to expand this program further. It must be remembered that the tenants' leagues are working on essentially a constructive basis. We want to make it quite clear that its purpose is definitely not to conduct a "hate campaign" towards the landlords—but to develop a co-operative community effort which will include all parties concerned. This is a question of justice whereby our people and all people are to be given the proper decent living conditions to which they are entitled."

and the monthly dues are 50c. (\$6 per year).

If housing violations have been disregarded by those responsible, an initial meeting of tenants is called and the landlord or his representative are officially asked to correct these faults. If such a request fails, then the official authorities are notified and a government inspector is sent out to make his report on such conditions. Once this report is formally recorded, the agent receives the original copy and the tenants may obtain, by themselves or through the league, photostatic copies of the recorded violations. If nothing is done, the tenants have the right to take the case to court and legitimately withhold their rent money. In New York state, tenants can only be evicted for reasons of disorderly conduct or willful refusal to pay rent *without just reason or cause*. If the court decides in favor of the tenants (as it has done with the State-Wide Tenants' League in virtually all of their more than 400 cases to date) rents are to be paid to the courts until such time as it is sufficiently proven that the violations have been removed.

THE MAJOR DIFFICULTIES of a tenants' league are in the fear of tenants who have been threatened by blustering agents and who have not fully realized their rights before the law. It is a new organization that is a radical departure from accepted patterns (as were labor unions in their early history) and as such has received, through ignorance, a certain amount of suspicion. Before the last war,

certain tenants' leagues showed signs of mismanagement which has unjustly reflected on existing tenants' league work. Some members unwisely leave their league after violations in their buildings have been removed. In many respects the repetition of such violations seems practically inevitable in other forms due to the basic condition of Harlem housing and the nature of absentee landlordship. Most of the houses are from 20 to 40 years old and it must be remembered that new building programs on a large scale are the exception in the Harlem area.

Expenses are high in running a tenants' league. The cost of labor in searching for documents, holding many meetings, appearing in court and representing tenants' interests elsewhere is the cause of a low treasury fund which is only refreshed by new membership, the continued fees of loyal members and the profits from benefits, dances and picnics to aid the league. The four staff members of the State-Wide Tenants' League work continually (often from 9 a.m. to 2 a.m.) on a very low salary to keep this vitally important work active.

Though housing violations are its major work at the present, the State-Wide Tenants' League is also concerned with illegitimate raises in rent (this matter takes precedence in immediate action). Another vital concern of its present activity is taking action on the unjust removal of essential property in apartments, such as stoves and refrigerators.

It is relatively easy to regard an organization merely

GREAT NEGROES

By WESLEY WILLIAMS

"IF HE LEARNS to read the Bible, it will forever unfit him to be a slave."

At ten years of age these were the words Frederick Douglass heard his master speak in objection to his mistress teaching him the Bible. However, the remonstrance was already too late. The insatiable desire to learn had been implanted. The words of his master, one Hugh Auld of Baltimore, had but inflamed the determination of Frederick to learn to read and write, for even at that age he had begun to ask himself why some men were mere chattel property, subject to every whim and cruelty of their masters, while other men were free.

Frederick Douglass originally had the name of Frederick Bailey. He was born in February of 1817, at Tuckahoe, Maryland—which until the Emancipation Proclamation was, of course, a slave state.

At the age of ten he was sent to the Auld family in Baltimore to care for their son, who was a little younger than he. This Auld family were relatives by marriage of Frederick's original owner. Being a religious woman and never having had a slave before, Mrs. Auld began to teach Frederick to read so that he would understand the Bible. Upon learning what she was about, her husband proceeded to lay down the law to her as to the proper relationship between a slave and its master, and she was forced to desist.

No such setback as this

could deter the young Frederick after the spark of learning had been ignited. He knew no one of his own kind who could read. He therefore enlisted the help of his little white playmates, and learned laboriously to read and write by imitating the lessons in their spelling copybooks.

With his efforts the flame kindled in intensity. He secretly earned money by boot-blackening, with which to buy his first book. He bought it because had heard his playmates praise it. It was titled "The Columbian Orator," and it cost him fifty cents.

Reading it he gained some idea of what liberty and freedom really meant; for it contained the speeches of men like William Pitt, Edmund Burke, and one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on the topic of Catholic Emancipation—a daring and powerful indictment of oppression, and a scintillating justification of the rights of man.

More than ever he was discontent. No longer was it a vague, spiritual unrest. It had infused his consciousness and taken form. No longer could he believe, as the masters taught, that it was God's will that he should be a slave. Now at fifteen, he understood why a man kept in ignorance was a good slave, and a man who had the tools with which to reason was a very bad slave, if not a dangerous one. He was soon writing "free passes" for runaway slaves, and deciding that he must himself be free.

A YEAR LATER, in 1833, his master died. He was hired out for one year to a

plantation as an agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which he did after some hesitation.

During the next four years he delivered many addresses against slavery, chiefly in New England and the Middle Atlantic States. He became so eloquent and polished in his delivery that a suspicion arose he was an imposter.

He had never told where he had come from or the date of his leaving there, for he knew that he was still in danger of being recaptured and returned to slavery in accordance with the Fugitive Slave law. In spite of this, however, in 1845 he published the book, "Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave." Fearing for him, friends induced him to go to England.



For the next two years he lectured in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, doing much to enlist the sympathies of the British public for the Abolitionists in America. They raised \$750.00 by subscription to obtain his legal manumission, so that he would no longer have to fear of being returned to slavery.

HE RETURNED TO America in 1847, conducting at Rochester, New York, an anti-slavery weekly journal, known as "The North Star," and later as "Frederick Douglass's Paper."

He continued to speak often at anti-slavery meetings. At first a disunionist and a follower of Garrison, after 1851 he allied himself with the more conservative political abolitionists, who under the leadership of James G. Birney, declared for the national Constitution and attempted to make slavery a major political issue.

With the publication of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1852, a great wave of sentiment spread over the country for abolition. Presumably a novel, it was really a disguised tract on abolition.

In the Civil War Douglass urged upon President Lincoln the proclamation of emancipation and the use of colored troops. He himself assisted in enlisting men for colored regiments and gave his two sons to the war. It was evident to far-sighted politicians and later to the public in general that the main issue of the war was the question of slavery.

After slavery was abolished, Douglass discontinued his pa-

HE CALLED ME "MISTER"

(Continued from page 1)

me—I get boiling mad when people in the north point a self-righteous finger of accusation at the south and act as if only in the south there is any racial prejudice.

Racial prejudice in the north is different, there's no doubt about that. But it is sort of like the difference between a sledgehammer and a stiletto. A man takes a sledgehammer and he clubs another man over the head. It is a brutal, horrible thing. But then another fellow, a little more fastidious, takes a stiletto and plunges it carefully into the right organs, with a minimum of blood. One way is neater but both are equally fatal.

THE SOUTH USES a sledgehammer. It stands out in the open and clubs the people who were foolish enough to be born the wrong color. In the north there is more finesse. People with the wrong color skins are told they are our equals and while we are patting them on the back we give one final pat, with a stiletto in our hand, so that they won't be so foolish as to take what we say too literally.

Take the matter of eating. In the south Negroes aren't allowed in "white" restaurants. This is an insult to Negroes and a refutation of the dignity of man but it is an insult that seldom really affects the average Negro in the south. He just takes for granted that he isn't wanted. So he stays away from the restaurants meant only for "whites."

In the north it is different. The north is more enlightened. The state in which I now live has a law that says if a restaurant refuses service to a Negro the owner can be fined and imprisoned.

But I have a Negro friend who never eats out, who has her meals alone in her room. Why? Here's what she told me.

per and for several years devoted himself solely to the lecture platform.

For the two decades from 1871 he occupied many important government positions for the United States. In 1871, President Grant appointed him assistant secretary to the commission to Santo Domingo, and on his return as one of the territorial council of the District of Columbia. From 1876 to 1881 he was United States Marshal of the District of Columbia, Recorder of Deeds for the District from 1881 to 1886, and from 1889 to 1891 American minister resident-general in the Republic of Haiti. He died in Anacostia Heights, District of Columbia, on February 20, 1895.

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"You go to a place and they ignore you. Nothing you can put your finger on, nothing you can go to court about. They just don't see you and after you sit there awhile, after you've seen other people all around you waited on, you get up and leave. Your stomach is turned upside down, you feel hurt and sick all at once, you know you won't be able to eat at all that night so you go home. The next time you try another place. Maybe it happens there, maybe not. But sometime it will. After awhile you get tired of being hurt so you stay at home where they can't hurt you."

I read a daily newspaper that frequently bitterly criticizes the south for its racial discrimination. Yet this newspaper hires Negroes only for menial jobs.

THERE ARE exceptions, of course, but as a general rule the Negro can expect little more than the most menial jobs. Where the Negro is allowed to rise to more important positions he is faced with far greater obstacles than are the white men with whom he competes.

In the south there are even less opportunities but then the Negro never is fooled into believing differently. He knows from the beginning that if he is going to rise at all it will be within the Negro community. Within that limited group many do rise to positions of wealth and prominence. In the north there is the illusion of opportunity within society as a whole but, unfortunately, for most it is nothing more than an illusion. Competing with white men who, even if they have less qualifications have such a decided advantage, results in frustration and hurt.

Understand, I am not excusing the south. There is a cancerous prejudice there that must be removed. Happily, there are many southerners who recognize this.

What I'm saying is that northerners shouldn't get so excited about southern prejudice that they miss the more subtle prejudice at home.

It is wrong to keep a man out of a restaurant because of his color but it is equally wrong and even more cruel to him to be insulted. It is wrong to tell a man he can't have a job because his skin is black but it is equally wrong and even more cruel to tell him he can have a job as well as anyone else and then see that he doesn't get it.

All I'm saying is that while you're shouting about the bilbo in the south you must not forget to cast the bilbo out of your own community and out of your own soul.

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